



Hog Creek Review

Thanks for Telling My Eyes

Deep down
there's a soul that cries –
A soul that begs
for wings to rise,
and claim its place
among the crowds,
of angels
painted in the clouds.

Where peas grow in
the garden there,
and sweet silence
fills the open air,
where winds that whip
are sent to ease,
and calm arrives
on tender breeze.

Where restful woman
prepares a feast,
and all who sit
will sit at least,
to eat, and drink,
and have their fill,
and in their hearts
be still.

Where the house sleeps
with hushed obey,
and the dog sprawls
on the floor to stay,
and every cup
is filled with love,

first and foremost,
above.

I hear that soul
and how it cries,
see it reach
for wings to rise,
and pray it peace
to claim the skies,
and say thanks –
for telling
my eyes.